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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Notary Public, and General Agent H. JULIAN, office Page Pages Building,

Bankers. ED. J. L. GREEN, Southeast Corner Plaza, at D. A. GLOVER, North side of Main Plans.

Wholesale Grocer.

Dry Goods and Grocertes. OHNSON & JOHNSON, Mitchell Building, North L J. DAILEY, West side of the Main Plana.

WM. GIRSEN, South side of the Main Plaza. DAILEY & BRO., S. W. Corner Plana.

E. J. IGLEHART cast side of the plaza, opposite Court House. GREEN & PRICE, at Malone's old stand, South Dry Goods.

MINS IVA COOK, Near South-east Corner Public Square. Grocertes.

Grocories and Hardware. J. REED & CO., South Side Plaza.

PITCHFORD South side Plaza.

W. DONALSON & CO., East side Main Plaza

Farniture.

I. W LRD, Rast Aide Public Square, W NANCE, nearly opposite Hingle's Grocery

Denggiata.

FROMME, South side Plaza.

DAYNOLDS & DANIEL, North side of the Main Physicians and Surgeons.

A. JACKMAN. Can be found at his resi-dence (formerly Dr. Riakemore's). DR. WM. MYRRS, Office at Fromme's Drugstore, Southeast Corner Public Square,

])R. J. H. COMBS office North side of the Main Plaza,

W. WALTERS, Office two doors South of Post FISHER & ROSE, office in the new Sank Building. HUTCHISON & PRANKLIN. office in the New Building, north side Main Plaza.

O. T. BROWN, office in the Mitchell Building, Bakery and Confectionery

LANGE, South eide Plaze. Stoves and Tinware.

(TRO. HENNE, East side Plaza.

Livery and Sale Stables. RALES & SON, San Antonio street.

Watchmakers, Jewelers and Opti-W. H. ROBBINS, North side plana.

Mont Market.

Siddles & Harness. C S. COCK, Southwest Corner Plans,

W. K Movillain, Rast Side Place, at Igle-

Hoot and Shoes.

PERR. LAUMES, Rast Side Public Square,

J. B. HANKLA, Masufacturer and Dealer, North

AGENTS WANTED FOR GONGUERING THE WILDPENERS, or New Pictoria/Lillstory of the Life and Times of the Picture Morons and Herothes of America, by Col. Frank Triplett. Over 300 Expert Re-Times of the Piouver Morons and Herothess of America, by Col Frank Pripiett. Over 300 Superh Knegravings, Covers the Three Ress, of pioneer progress (1) From the Mischafppi to the Rocky Mountains (3) California and the Facilie Mope. Naw Combines graphic theilling narrative with profuseness of elegant illustration, by eminent artists. Means of theiling adventure in forest, plains, mountain and stream; covers western progress and civilian of theiling adventure in forest, plains, mountain and stream; covers western progress and civilian of theiling adventure in forest, plains, mountain and stream; covers western progress and civilian Mights with indians; Deoperate adventures; Narrow Escapes; Wild it from the Border. A grand book for agents. Outselfs everything T50 octave pages. Lew re Frank. In reach of the Marsin Agent's Complete Outsile to comb. EFF Wester at cance for Confidential Terms and Illustrated Jesuription. Address, R. D. Thumpson & Co. Publ., oct4-41 at Louis, Re., or New Tork City to a large Texas Engove a large Texas



WRICHTS INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS



BURDETT ORGANS.

HAZZARD, RAYMOND & CO., AUSTIN TEXAS. Office of

WM. GIESEN,

To The Public.

My Stock is now complete, and owing to the short crops and stringent times, I am determined to sell goods lower than ever. Bargains offered in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, BOOTS, SHOES AND CLOTHING,

and I call Special Attention to my stock of CROCERIES AND HARDWARE.

I AM AGENT FOR THE-

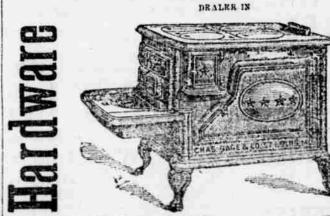
Jackson and Moline WAGONS, Deere and Buford, and Casady Sulky PLOWS, and also keep an assortment of Buggies and Family Carriages on hand.

BARBED WIRE Sold Lower than Ever.

CASH FOR COTTON, CORN, WOOL and HIDES, Buying goods in large quantities, enables me to sell at bottom prices.

WM. GIESEN.

WHOLSALE AND RETAIL



SOUTHEAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE. on feb 15y

220 COMMERCE ST., SAN ANTONIO.

CHICKERING,

PIANOS,

MASON HAMLIN ORGANS

KIMBALL

Sole Agents for Texas of S. Brainard Sons publications. Subscriptions for the Texas Emproy of Brancard's Musical World, price, \$1 50; contains now a large Texas Department. Everything in the Music Line. 107 Repairing and tuning by first-class workmen. FO We guarantee Promptness and Satisfaction in Silling all orders.

E. C. EVERETT & CO

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of Brown' Iron BIT-TERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

> Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
> Gentlemen: —I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have token several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try lirown's from Fitters, I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and fiesh. It can justly be called the king of medicines.
>
> JOHN K. ALLENDER. Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.

Brown's Iron BITTERS is composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

Smith's Tonic Syrup FOR THE CURE OF **FEVER and ACUE**

Or CHILLS and FEVER, AND ALL MALARIAL DISEASES.

The proprietor of this celebrated medicine justly claims for it a superiority over all remedies ever offered to the public for the SAFE, CERTAIN, SPEEDY and FEEDMARKHT ours of Ague and Fever, or Chills and Fever, whether of short or long standing. He refers to the entire Western and Southern country to bear him testimony to the truth of the assertion that in no case whatever will it fail to cure if the directions are strictly followed and carried cut. In a great many cases a single dose has been sufficient for a cure, and whole families have been cured by a single bottle, with a perfect restoration of the general health. It is, however, prudent, and in every case mere certain to cure, if its use is continued in smaller doses for a week or two after the disease has been checked, more especially in difficult and long-standing cases. Usually this medicine will not require any aid to keep the bowels in good order. Should the patient, however, require a cathartic medicine, after having taken three or four doses of the Tonic, a single dose of BULL'S VEGETABLE FAMILY FILLS will be sufficient.

BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the old and BULL'S SARSAPARILLA is the eld and reliable remedy for impurities of the blood and Scrofulous affections—the King of Blood Purifiers.

DR JOHE BULL'S VEGETABLE WORM DESTROYER is prepared in the form of candy drops, attractive to the sight and piscannt to the taste.

DR. JOHN BULL'S

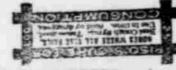
SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP. BULL'S SARSAPARILLA. BULL'S WORM DESTROYER

The Popular Remedies of the Day. Principal Office. 851 Main St., LOUISVILLE, KY

Diseases of Klüneys & Bladder, Bheumatism, Beiatica, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Nervous Debiity and all Weaknesses resulting from overwork. Indiscretion or Excesses, permanently cured by THE HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD!

Galvasic Electricity, as furnished by our appliances Replaces the Force and Vigor drained from the system and thus care without Drugging the Stomach. Illustrated Pamphlet Free! S FILE, AND SOME OF POLICE AND Address AMERICAN CALVANIO CO.

REST dare before you die, something mighty and subdime leave before you die, something mighty and subdime leave behind to dought them." Si a west it to dought them. So risk. Everything saw. Under not required. We will through you everything. Many are making fortunes. Action make as much as much, and hope and grade make great pay. Reader, if you want bureamoust which you to so make great pay all the time, waite to H. Hallett & Co., Fortuned, Mr.



From the Extra Pans Pante. THE RIVER SAN MARCOS. BY MOLLIE & MOORE.

Far o'er the bills and toward the dying day, Het like a heart, a living heart, deep, deep Within the bosom of its wide prairies, Lies the Velley of San Marcos. And there, A princess roused from slumber by the kiss Of balmy Bonthern skies, the river springs from out her rocky bed, and hastens ou Far down the vale, to give ber royal hand

Like some grim giant keeping ellent watch, While from his feet his recreant daughter flies, Above the heary mountain stands, his head Rucircled by an emerald pointed grown Of cedars, strong as those of Lebanon, That bow their sombre crests, and woo the wind Drunken with fragrance from the vale below. About his brow, set like a dusky chain, The mystic Race-Paths run—his amulet-And nestled squarely 'gainst his rugged breast, Perched quaintly 'mong the great scarred rock

that bang Like tombstones on the mountain-side, the nest The Falcon built still lingers, though the wing That swept the gathering dust from off our shield Hath long since dropped to dust! -Now wood by dusky glooms on either side, Now whirling round the craggy banks, now staye By tangled vines that stretch their arms across, The river glideth farther from her sire.

Below, an ancient Mill, with laggard wheels, Is mirrored in her glassy depths, and broad The mill-race reaches out his arms, all desked With public-stones, and fringed with purple flags, And strives to bar her onward course-in vain, For, nerved with sudden fear, she springs, and bright

Her rainbow garments glitter in the sun, As on she pants toward the shallow ford. And here, down sloping to the water's marge,

The fields, all golden with the harvest, come; And here, the horseman, reining in his steed, At eve, will pause and mark the village spires Heam golden in the setting sun, and far Across a deeply furrowed field will glance With idle eye upon a stately hill, That girt with cedars, rises like a king, To mark the further limit of the field. Twas there, botween the hill and river, stood A shaded so tiage; and its roof was low And dark, and vines that twined the

perred To hide the bleakness of its wall. But then Twas bome, and "Heaven to near us in childhood." And I was but a child; and summer days, That since have oftentimes seemed long and sad, Were fleeter then then even the morning winds That sent my brother's fairy bark, well-balance

In estety down the river's tide. Alas! Is there, can there be aught in all the world To soothe the sick soul to such perfect rest as filled its early dreams? Is there no fount, Like that of old so madly sought by Leon, Where the worn soul may bathe and rise remewed And up and down the banks before our door,
Now gathering up the yellow ill; buds,
That isy like golden flagons on the stream,
New idly bending down the ragged sedge
That rustled in the lasy summer breezs,
And now among the graps-vines, where they hung
in light lestoons above the water-edge,
With careless step 1 roamed.

in light lestoons above the water-tage, With careless step I roamed.

Down where the fiver makes a sudden bend, Below the ford, and near the dusky road, Upon het bosom sleeps a fairy isle, Entwined about with snowy alder-boughs. And tspestried with vines that bore a flower Whose peaks looked like drops of blood, (We called it "Lady of the Bleeding Heart.") And through it wandered little careless paths That writhed like wounded snakes smong the beds Of tuffed grass; and o'er this living gem The very skies seemed bluor, and the waves, That rippled round it, threw up brighter spray. Upon the banks for hours I've stood, and longed To bask amid its shades, and when at last My brother dragwed, with wondrous care, his boat, Rude-fashioned, small, and furnished with one oar, Across the long slope from the stately bill Where it was built, ne'er did Columbus' heart Beat with a throb so wild upon that shore. Unknown to any save to him, as ours When, with o'erwearied hands and labored breath, We steered in aafety o'er the dangerous way. And stood the monarchs of that fairy realm! My brother, how I wish our waywari feet Once more know all their cravings satisfied! Sweet Valley of San Marcos! few are the years. Once more know all their cravings satisfied a sweet Valley of San Marcos! few are the years That since have linked their golden hands and Se Like spirits down the valley of the past— And yet it seems a weary lime to me! Sweet kiver of San Marcos! the openings seen Between the moss-hung trees, like golden paths That lead through Edon to Heaven's lairer fields. Show glimpses of the broad, free, boundless plait That circle thee around. This own prairies! How my sad spirit would exuit to bathe Its wings, all heavy with the dust of care, Deep in their glowing beauty! How my heart, O'ershadowed with this cloud of gloom, would wake

wake To life anew beneath those summer skies !

My bome is nostled now among the hills,
The wooded hills, like those of that fair State,
That queen among the daughters of the South,
That gave me birth; and gayly filts the breese
Among the boughs of oaks whose trunbs
Are wedded with the rings of centuries:
And maples, sloaked like princes, wave their flags
Above the serried armies of the fern.
I hat march along the forest stream, where low
The beeches sweep their brightly-gleaming leaves;
And one tail pine, a sentinel, keeps watch
Before my very door.
The trees, the forest-trees! My heart beats full
And high beneath their stately limbs! And yet,
At times methinks our mountain air seems thick;
And the arcen treases of our forest trees,
They choke my very breathing! Then, oh then
I fain would spurm my native shades, and fain
Would sweep with untamed wing across the broad
And boundless prairies of the West, and breathe
My freedom back beneath unshadowed skies!

Oh, River of my childhood! fair Valley-Queen!

Oh, River of my childhood! fair Valley-Queen! Within thy bosom yet as more the sun Dips deep his golden beams, and on thy tide At night, the stars, the yellow stars, are mirrore Through emerals marshes yet thine eddies curl, And yet that fairy isle in beauty sleeps (Like her of old who waits the waking kies Of some true knight to break her magic sleep.) And yet heavy with purple cups, the flags, Droop down toward the Mill: But I—oh, I No more will wander by thy shores, nor float At twilight down thy glassy tide!—ne more! And yet, Nan Marcos, when some river-flower, All swooning with its nectar drops, is laid nector my yers, its beauty scarce is seen Before my eyes, its beauty source is seen For tears which stain my cyclids, and for dreams Which gilde before me of thy falry charms, And swell my heart with longing, Sweet River of San Marcos !

It has become common to declare that the more land a man has the that the more land a man has the poorer he becomes, and in most instances it is frue if he attempts to work and does not handle it as a speculation. Speaking of large landed ed possessions, and the desirability of small farms, the Fresno, California Republican says: "It has been demonstrated in Fresno county that from twenty to forty acres under a high state of cultivation is an abundance of land for the maintenance of a family in comfort and affluence. Twenty acres of land in this county the bearer \$100 with which to purthe sweat of his brow."

25 creats, and may be the means of saving ness Saturday night \$310. you hundreds of dollars.

We plant ewest flowers above the spot, Where rest our unforgotten dead, And while the roses bud and bloom We beautify their lone ly bed,

We rear the snewy marble shaft That every passer-by may learn How secred memory keeps her trust In votive gift, and storied urn. But ah I the hearts that sobe and break

Through all the long bright summer days For some sweet word of tenderness, Some generous and outspoken praise, And, ah, the bitter tears that fall O'er life's mistakes and ornel fate, That all things which the heart most craves Of love and glory, come too late.

Then take the rose that blooms to-day And lay it in some loving band, And wait not till the ear grows dall To tell the sweet thought that you plauned. One kiss on warm and loving lips le worth a thousand funeral flowers, And one glad day of tender leve

Outwelghs an age of mourning hours

JOHNNY MERLEAU.

from the Detroit Free Press. Persons who have been in the habit of visiting the post office or who afterward; and as recapture would were frequenters of Griswold street have been death, thoughts of an esduring the last ten years must have cape were not entertained.

A rapid march of about an hour, northwest corner of Griswold and along the valley of the Pecos, brought Larned streets on crutches, good-naturedly holding out his papers to passers-by. Those who saw him of-ten remarked his shrewd, kindly face, his courteous demeanor and his solitariness. Though he seemed to have little or no companionship with the sturdy, active and noisy lads who were his competitors in trade, they were all fond of him, loyal to him, and would fight for him if need were listed for a short time to arrive the inhabitants an opportunity of gazing at five unfortunate prisoners, and to convince them of the provess of the redoubtable Dimasio Salezar, and his equally valight according and would fight for him, if need were, Salezar, and his equally valiant second on slightest provocation. Many in command, who had boldly conceivof them have, indeed, been known to ed and successfully carried into exe-

mostly bankers, merchants, lawyers and reporters—his "regulars" were bands and brothers, and knowing them, felt that little of mercy or kind approaching he knew that a sale was certain. You could almost tell what

words he might command. of the commercial colleges of the city. fore my only alternative. He was ambitious to fit himself for a The distance from Cuesta to San book-keeping, discounts, premiums our prison doors, and continued to and all the jargonic arcana of the gaze on us until the last minute. world of business with any interested elder. It was pleasure to those who knew his small career to note the dig. nified pride with which he rang the tortillas and weak mutton broth, bell of the elevator that was to land while the priest of the place, more him at the door of his school room, liberal, sent his servant with a generand it is said that among the hun- ous bowl of hot coffee for each of us. dreds of boys and young men who ous bowl of not collector each of us. Our scanty supper over, our thoughts

ward, where the owner lies dying in the certain knowledge that he has done with them forever more. And fortunate plight; he answered that hard lines of his life.

Twenty acres of land in this county properly cultivated is a royal heritage to any man who earns his bread by

There was a further order authorizing

There was a further order authorizing his sister to draw at will the balance not yet sirived, and that should of his account for her own use. The march with us directly to Santa Pe,

That is all there is of the story of Before starting we purchased an an

Johnny Merlean's life. It needs no embellishment of rhetoric to give it vaiue. Its pathos lies wholly in its facts. The dying boy will soon have passed beyond the reach or need of human succor; but in his passage through the deep waters he possibly clings to the remembrance of some kindly greetings that helped a little to sweeten the bitterness of the cup that was held to his child lips from babyhood.

Written for the Pass Passe Reminiscences of a Texas Veteran .-- The Santa Fe Expedition, etc.

babyhood.

DY C. ERHARD. [Copyrighted.] XLIII.

RENDALL'S MARRATIVE CONTINUED

There was something supremely ridiculous, not only in his threat, but in the appearance of our guard. We could easily have fallen on the mis-The True Story of a Dying Newsboy's crable apologies for men, who were Career—His Life a Lesson of Singular guarding us and disarmed them in a twinkling; but we had no means of getting clear, and rejoining our men

of them have, indeed, been known to quietly sneak away from their own customers to give the forlorn little cripple a chance when business was unpromising. They seemed to recognize in him that indefinable mastership which the gentle-helpless always exert. Johnny Merleau (for that is his name) had plenty of "regulars" on his list of customers. They were mostly bankers, merchants, lawyers

was in his thought by the way he folded his paper and fished out his we were obliged to ford the Rio A short distance above Puertecito little handful of change to break a Pecos. The water was not more than nickel or a dime if it should be nec- two feet deep; but as my lame and essary. He seldom talked unless spoken to, but every customer who knew him nearly always gave him a cheery salutation, to which he respond cise, I was deterred from taking off ed with a smile that spoke his grati-tude more eloquently than could any get them on again. To soak my feet During portions of the last two or three years he was a student in one in this disagreeable plight, was therethoroughly, and to continue to march

business career. Perhaps his small Miguel was some fifteen miles, and dealings with the magnates and po- Miguel was some fifteen miles, and tentates of the local business world it was nearly sundown before the were the inspiration of that ambition. spire of the little church of the latter In any event the little chap bent all his energies in that direction, and soon mastered a pretty good swing at accounts, and became the chirographic envy of the whole crowd of newsboys. He used to look at his fictitious ledger accounts himself with commendable pride, and was always ready, when not on duty, to discuss banking, double and single entry

untiring application of poor crippled were next turned toward sleep, but But hope, pride in his advancing without a single manket to relieve its fortunes, customers, school, the bright hardness, and and the chilling blast sun thine, comrades, and all the cheering and rosy things of life and earth, real and unreal, have little significations as the shades of evening cance for Johnny Merleau now. The drew nigh, told us, more plainly than slender crutches stand unused and words, that we could expect neither useless in the corner of the hospital sleep nor comfort that night. We yet he salutes the shadow of death as he could do nothing for us. A kind courageously as he trudged along the hearted woman living close by, sent us a buffalo skin and a single blanket

Cana at the Park Parks office and buy a balance, exclusive of the \$100 for a balance, exclusive of the \$100 for a burial lot, was at the close of busi-